

reuben's work

LIBERTY.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1836.

WHIG TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR.

EDWARD TURNER, of Franklin.

FOR CONGRESS.

A. L. BINGAMAN, of Adams.
REUBEN DAVIS, of Monroe.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

DUDLEY S. JENNINGS, of Hinds.

FOR STATE TREASURER.

GIDEON FITZ, Esq., of Hinds.

FOR AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.

JOHN CRUSO, Esq., of Lowndes.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Nullifiers of Amite, No. 2.

The writer of the articles of "Nullifier" is not engaged in a Presidential campaign. His remarks are intended to apply to the Whig party of the State of Mississippi. To the Whigs of the North we have no alliance, except as co-adjutors in the great cause of Reform and Retrenchment. To this extent we are connected, and feel a corresponding sympathy for the triumph of the great object to which our efforts are conjointly directed. For this reason we congratulate ourselves upon our victories, and regret their losses. Whether their principles and views of the structure of our government be in exact accordance with ours, is a matter of great moment at this crisis, so long as they battle side by side with us for the redemption of our government from the grasp of a corrupt and mercenary party. The principles of the Democratic Van Buren party are more objectionable and revolting than those of the Whig party of the North. Why should we desert the Whigs at a season when united action is essential to the salvation of our country, and disgrace ourselves by an amalgamation with the *leg-bail* party, the authors of the dangerous measures and principles we have been for years combating against? Can the stern and unyielding patriotism of Nullifiers assign any plausible reason for such a course? Democrats have, indeed, pumped up a faint array of argument (so called) why the Nullifiers should unite with them; yet this impotent squadron of *unreasonable* reasons disperse into thin air, upon the faintest illumination from the torch of truth. Are modern Democrats more acceptable to the Nullifiers than the Whigs? Their history, blackened with usurpation and crime, responds NO. Is not an amalgamation with the Democrats more detestable, and immoral, and dangerous to the principles of the Nullifiers, than a continuation of our present alliance with the Whigs? Let him who dare, deny it. Have our principles been polluted by a union for several years with the Whigs, a union cemented by common struggles in defence of the liberties of our country? The vilest slanderer that coils himself within the bosom of our land, will not say it. Have we been prostituted and debased by this connexion? Our enemies answer this, by their untiring efforts to draw us over to their ranks. If we have stood up thus long side by side with our Whig brethren, amidst the strife of political contention, unsmoked by the fumes of federalism, with our swords as bright and glittering as when first we unsheathed them in the great contest, why cannot we brandish them over the heads of our enemies still longer, in solid phalanx with the same Whig brethren? The reason is plain and will be told. The Nullifiers constitute but a small band even in the South. In the North, their numbers are contemptible. In South Carolina and Georgia, they have a majority. In no other State can the Nullifiers themselves carry a majority. In Mississippi, they constitute the larger portion of the Whig party. The Nullifiers, at this time, stand no chance of elevating to the Presidential chair, a man of their own peculiar political tenets. The attempt would defeat their own ticket, and by dividing the ranks of the opposition give a triumph to the present misrule. As the overthrow of the dominion of the plunderers of the country should be our primary object, policy would rather recommend the postponement of the laudable design of the Nullifiers to rally a ticket of their own, until the opposition have accomplished the ruin of the party in power, than, by an unreasonable separation from the Whigs, and setting up for ourselves, bring down upon the country a calamity far more dangerous and mischievous than the ascendancy of the Whigs—the success of the Van Buren "Democratic" party. The same consequence would follow a decided refusal to participate in the coming contest. Disguise it, as much as can be, and the least reflection will convince the most skeptical that by standing aloof and voting for neither ticket, we do throw our whole weight into the "Democratic" scales. The Democrats will rally to a man upon their ticket. The motto of the "Entire Swine" patched upon their banner, tells us so. If the Nullifiers stand aloof, the diminution of the Whig strength will correspondingly augment the Van Buren *leg-bail* ticket. If the Whigs are preferable to modern Democrats, as we believe, why not choose between them, and take the least objectionable? Will patriotism justify us in reposing in listless apathy upon the muttering volcano, because we cannot extinguish the wide expanse of fire at one grand effort, when we have before us the means of gradually unkindling its burning bosom, and putting out flame by flame? Certainly not. In the last election for President, the Nullifiers pursued the course recommended here, in voting for White. White had supported the Proclamation and Force Bill, and yet the State Rights men, in choosing between the two candidates before the public, selected the least objectionable. To that course, no serious objections were raised. There was no charge of desertion of principle. The clangor of "Democratic" fugitives, about a continuation of the principles of Nullifiers, did not swell so loud and harsh then, as now, when a winter has come upon their summer season of prosperity, and fraud and an over-anxiousness to sustain their falling fortunes have prompted them to court the alliance of a party against which the artillery of "Democratic" proscription was erewhile levelled. If we could consistently exercise the right of suffrage at that

time, why cannot we do so now? The attitude we occupied in 1835 was similar to the one we are at present thrown into. The principles of neither of the candidates accorded with our own, and yet we selected the least objectionable, and cast our votes upon Hugh L. White. We can act as consistently now, as then, by choosing between two evils.

Why cannot we support Adam L. Bingaman and Reuben Davis? Col. Bingaman, it is true, sustained the Proclamation of Andrew Jackson. Is this any reason why we should fly off, and throw ourselves into the arms of the "Democratic" ticket? Answer, this ye "Democratic" State Rights men of wasted virgin purity. Were not Brown and Thompson, the Van Buren candidates, in favor of the Proclamation and Force Bill, as loud and clamorous in its were. They took the empyrean with their support, and uttered eulogies upon the most fulsome and heretical document that ever emanated from a President, styling himself Remanator. On this score, what do we gain by publicizing ourselves from the ranks of the Whigs into those of our opponents? Certainly nothing. The same reason that the Democrats make use of, to induce us to oppose the Whig ticket, to wit, that they were in favor of the Proclamation, furnishes us with a much stronger reason for arraying ourselves against their Van Buren ticket, because they were the authors of that instrument. Whether Davis be a Proclamation man or not, we are not advised. As he was originally a Jackson man, the probability is against it. So far both tickets may be placed upon an equal footing. But as we proceed and investigate, the superior claims of the Whig ticket appear clearer, more distinct and unequivocal. For the sake of argument, it has been conceded, that the entire Whig ticket were in favor of the Proclamation, *barely* ONE of the multiplied enormities of the party in power. To counterbalance this *lapses* principle, they have been uniformly opposed to the alarming strides of the Executive toward a concentration of all power—legislative and judicial, in his single hand. They were Whigs in the original sense of the word. They advocated the rights of the people in the Representative branch of the Government, in opposition to the slavish efforts of traitorous politicians to immolate all the privileges and rights of the people upon the altar of the "greatest and best," consecrated as it was in the cause of crime and usurpation. The Whig ticket of Mississippi appreciated the principles of free government, and stood forth its brightest champions at that dark and most perilous epoch in our history. When the Executive of the Union despotically thrust aside the talented Duane, because he would not violate his oath in obedience to his royal requisitions, and plunder the national Treasury, the Whig ticket was found battling with zeal and eloquence against the encroachments of arbitrary power. Where were Brown and Thompson at that time? They were seen, mingling in that flock of political vultures who believed that all power belonged inherently to the Executive, and that the "Hero" could do no wrong. On this occasion, the Whig ticket sided with the people, opposed the aggressions of the President, and, therefore, is decidedly preferable to the present Van Buren ticket. The position of the Whig ticket on that memorable occasion when the Executive aimed a fatal blow at the dignity and independence of the Senate with his Protest, will illustrate their superior claims upon the Nullifiers, (of Democratic State Rights men, nothing is said.) When the halls of the Senate were desecrated with this most infamous manifesto, in which it was asserted that the Senate had no right to think or to express an opinion, save at the bidding of his (the Executive's) corrupt minions, and the horrid principle laid down that all officers appointed by the Senate, in advice with his highness, were his "instruments," and that the constitution of the land gave him control of the Union's purse, in defiance of the Representatives of the people: at that time did not the Whig ticket nobly display the stern morality of chivalrous patriotism? Yes, they rallied beneath the stars and stripes of our country, resolved to triumph or perish in the cause of the constitution and liberty. On the other hand, we find the Democratic ticket encompassed with the horrid ensigns of despotism, and marching onward under the black banner of the Protest, intent upon the consummation of its author's most diabolical scheme of subverting the forms and substance of the only free government under the canopy of heaven. Can Nullifiers hesitate in choosing between these two tickets? Democratic State Rights men may, but the friend of truth and reform will at once exclaim, down with the "Democratic" *leg-bail* ticket. Another marked era in the annals of the Union triumphantly sustains the position assumed as the basis of these numbers. It will be remembered that, a few years ago, the journals of the United States Senate were sacrilegiously "expurgated" by a slavish and obsequious Senate. An expression of opinion on the part of the Senate, when it was illuminated by a constellation of talent, brought forth the Protest. Times changed, and this Senate bowed the knee to Executive dictation. Thus debased, this body was a fit instrument in the hands of a despot. No sooner did the royal edict go forth from the light-house at Washington, that this expression of opinion must be cancelled from the records of the country, than this banditti of servile and sycophantic myrmidons exclaimed "ALL'S WELL," and forthwith the infamous deed was done. Our present Whig ticket, at that time, entrenched itself behind the constitution, ready to sliver its lance in defence of its sacred provisions. On the other hand, the "Democratic" ticket was then, as before, on the side of power, trampling under foot the constitution with as much indifference as if they were treading upon blank paper, and singing the most fulsome, baseless and disgusting eulogies to the "greatest man that ever lived in the tide of time." Can Nullifiers falter in their course? Can they swallow the filthy mass of corruption commended to them by "Democratic" Van Buren empires? No. Patriotism points them to the Whig ticket as the stern advocate of the constitution and laws. In the next number this subject will be continued, by a further comparison of the acts of the two parties.

A NULLIFIER.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would pull his hat over his eyes.

From the London St. James Chronicle.

What the British Tories say of Mr. Van Buren.

"The people of England may now learn a lesson of Republicanism from its most brilliant specimen, the Government of the United States. It has proved a splendid failure. Van Buren, who learned many useful lessons in this country, will bring the Democrats round to a rational system of Monarchical obedience. Democracy is the best and most powerful lever in the world, if pressed judiciously. Monarchies have been upset by it; but many more have been established by it. Van Buren is said to be a non-talented man, but he knows human nature; he knows his countrymen too, and has laid the finest train that ever was conceived. He has prevailed upon the popular old President to set an example of abasement and independence, which perhaps no other man in that country would have attempted. He will ultimately, mildly, and cautiously, but having the support of democracy, he will undoubtedly succeed in bringing the whole Union under the sway of a few enlarged and cultivated minds, which are the source of stability and order in every country. The people cannot govern themselves any more than a public school can govern itself without the superintendence of a master. It must be merely an increased round of clamor and contention. We have now more hope for America than we ever had since her Declaration of Independence. Mr. Martin Van Buren has succeeded in running down a National Bank, which was the most formidable obstacle to Executive control, and has collected in his hands the reins of a good to a State Institution, which will draw well together, and bear him upwards like the steeds of Pegasus. The republic of the United States, like that of Venice, will become an oligarchy; but it will be, unless we are mistaken, a more enduring one. It will not, like Venice, become a splendid ruin of palaces; for it has arterial springs or commercial prosperity which nothing can paralyze, and which do not depend upon the diseased stomachs of Europe for a healthy action. For fifty years or more, it will be a clever oligarchy, and then the people will wisely or cheerfully consent to its becoming a limited Monarchy. Van Buren we believe has a son or two, and he will probably establish a sound and useful dynasty for that great continent."

Comments on the above extract by the talented editor of the Salisbury, N. C. Watchman.

It is difficult for any one of common observation, not to believe that the predictions of this Tory editor of England are now in a state of rapid fulfillment. The enemies of a free government throughout the world, must indeed rejoice at the downward course of our Republic, for the last eight or ten years. Under the guise of Democracy, the late and present Presidents of the United States have usurped despotic power, just as Caesar did in Rome, Cromwell in England, and Bonaparte in France. History is full of such examples, but these are mentioned as being most familiar and most striking. The Democrats of the U. States, with the same hypocritical cant upon their lips, are progressing more resolutely and impudently in their iniquitous career than was imagined they would do in so short a time, even by the Tory editor of England. They have not waited to pass through the forms of an oligarchy, but have at once erected an oligarchy; for who can deny but that as to all practical consequences, we are now under the absolute rule of one man? The President is all in all, he is paramount. He must be considered infallible. No member of Congress must be elected who does not bow the neck to Executive dictation. No one is permitted to hold an office who dares to think and act for himself. The "sic volo" and "sic jubeo" of the President is the law, and his word must be obeyed under the penalty of political excommunication and death. Now is this democracy, or a government of the people? Is it oligarchy or a government of a few of the people? No! It is neither; but it is the government of one man; in other words it is monarchy, absolute and inexorable as to all practical effects.

The public acts of Mr. Van Buren totally disprove all his pretensions to democracy, and show him to be, as Mr. Rives very appropriately says, a "monocrat" in reality and truth. We have long been in the habit of regarding a man's private deportment or conduct, as a more certain index to his principles than any public professions he can make. If squared by this rule, it will appear that Mr. Van Buren has not one particle of democracy in his whole constitution. Instead of mingling with the people, as his profession would seem to imply, he stands aloof from them, and holds them at a greater distance than any other President has ever done. He apes the manners and fashions of royalty in European Courts; drives a more splendid equipage; moves in greater pomp; dresses in more gorgeous apparel than any President has ever done before him. And all this is simply democracy.

But more. How does it happen that our democratic President has sent two of his sons to England? We hear it suggested that their object might be to learn "useful tactics," which the Tory editor said their father had done before them, while in England. It is in this way that we are to have established for this great continent "a sound and useful dynasty!" Perhaps the society of the United States was too vulgar and insipid for these young Princes of the blood, and hence they must leave the land of Democracy, and go to England the land of Monarchy, where they could find fit associates for their Royal personages.

These are grave subjects of inquiry for the whole American people. Let it be borne in mind that every profession made by Mr. Van Buren has been falsified by his acts; and the conclusion inevitably follows, that he is only assuming the garb of democracy, in order that he may practice still greater deception upon the people. Instead of simple democracy, we have the parade and show of monarchy; instead of economy, we have extravagance; instead of freedom in our thoughts and actions, we have intolerance and proscription; instead of virtue and integrity in public officers, we have dishonesty and profligacy in the extreme; in short, give to the President the power over our money, according to his Sub-Treasury plan, for which he is most anxiously seeking, and we shall have nothing left worthy the name of freedom. All will be swallowed up in the vortex of Presidential usurpations and misrule.

Reasons of the "GEORGIA JOURNAL" why the South, and the State Rights party especially, should not support Mr. Van Buren.

Because, he was elected in 1812 to the senate of New York, on the strength of Mr. Madison's popularity, as an advocate for war—and immediately deserted to the Hartford conventionists—denounced the war as impolitic unnecessary and disastrous, and was concerned in bringing out De Witt Clinton in opposition to Mr. Madison for the Presidency.

Because, while professing the most deadly hostility to the bank monster, he petitioned for branches thereof, to be established in New York.

Because, in 1820, he opposed the admission of Missouri into the Union unless she would prohibit slavery within her jurisdiction, as an indispensable condition of her admission; and this, too, on constitutional grounds, and for the purpose of increasing the power of the non-slaveholding States.

Because, in 1822, he voted to restrict the introduction of slaves into Florida.

Because, in 1821, he declared in the New York convention, that, "he would not draw a reeve from the blacks, and yet deny the right of suffrage."

Because, he voted for the erection of toll gates on the Cumberland road—thereby affirming the right of congress to construct works of internal improvement.

Because, he has connived at the defalcations of public agents, and failing to dismiss from office and punish those who pillaged and robbed the public treasury.

Because, when Gen. Jackson was out of power, he opposed him bitterly—in power, he became his greatest sycophant and flatterer—was for and against Clinton, Madison and the war, and is, emphatically, all things to all men.

And because, whilst pretending to be opposed to the protective system, the tariff act of 1828—termed by the South, the "bill of abominations." This reason naturally leads us into the second division of the subject and we shall now proceed to show why it is that he is unworthy of the support of the South and especially of state rights men.

Because, in 1835, he distinctly avowed the right of congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

Because, he avowed the abominable doctrine, that "the further power is removed from the people the better,"—and carrying out the principle, was opposed to giving the elections of governor and electors in the state of New York to the people.

Because, he attempted in the New York convention to restrict the right of suffrage to certain anti-republicans—and drawing an invidious distinction between the rich and the poor, opposed the right of universal suffrage.

Because, he is the candidate of a party whose motto is, "to the victors belong the spoils;"—and who in acting out their principles, have filled the public offices with a host of faithless and profligate agents, whose only recommendation is, a blind and reckless devotion to their masters.

Because, he stands pledged to "follow in the footsteps" of Jackson, who trampled in the dust every safeguard of the constitution.

And lastly—Because, the failure of every leading measure of the administration plainly evinces the fact, that he is utterly incompetent to discharge the duties of the responsible station which he occupies.

From the Vicksburg Whig.

"In course" not.—The Natchez Free Trader winds up a eulogy of Anderson Hutchinson, Esq., one of the candidates for the office of Chancellor, in the following style:

"We are not one of those who believe that political opinions should make or mar the fortunes of any gentleman aspiring to the bench—yet if any of our remote readers should feel any interest in knowing, we can assure them, from personal acquaintance, that Mr. Hutchinson is a Jeffersonian democrat, of the State Rights school; but, above all the rest, he is one of the noblest works of God—an honest man!"

Oh yes, if any of your "readers feel an interest in knowing," you can assure them that he is a good democrat. A very ingenious way to let your readers know that Hutchinson is one of the strongest loco focos in the State, and thus while you deprecate political influence in the selection of a high judicial officer, bring every mother's son of your party to the polls in solid phalanx for Hutchinson as a party man. Back n'et, it is known, is a Whig, and where is the loco loco who will support him?

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—We thought we were done with this signal triumph, but the following facts are so interesting, we cannot refrain from giving them to our readers.

Albemarle, the birth place and home of Jefferson, elected a Whig Senator by a large majority, and a Whig delegate without opposition.

Westmoreland, the county of George Washington, voted as follows: Whig 230; loco loco 61. Whig majority 169.

Loudon, the county of James Monroe, voted thus: Whig 680; loco loco 307. Whig majority 373.

Buckingham, which formerly gave every ballot for Jefferson, now gives a large Whig majority.

It is a fact, that a locofoco was seen in the streets about 10 o'clock at night, hugging a lamp post by the waist and coaxing it to go to the polls and vote for Mr. Guthrie. "Come, my dear fellow," said the loky, "get into this hack and come and give Guthrie a lift; for, if he is whipped, you'll never be able to get any more liquor, and all your property will fall fifty per cent in less than one month."

(Louisville Journal.)

A BUCK STRAPPED.—The Portland Argus says that a fashionable blade in that city, had his pantaloons strapped so tight that he could not sit down in church, and on going home one of his straps broke, with such a shock that it upset him in the gutter. The bystanders were obliged to cut the other strap before they could make him stand erect.—N. O. Pic.

"John," said we to our devil yesterday, "you look blue."

"Yes sir," said John, "this is a real blue devil day. John thinks himself devilish witty.—Jb.

It is a pity that brass is not the constitutional currency. If it was, we could get enough out of General Brown's face to furnish this State profusely.—Vicksburg Whig.

From the N. O. Picayune.

A MODERN FAUSTE.

Among those individuals who should have been somewhere else yesterday morning, might have been seen at Mr. Recorder Baldwin's office of business a professed follower of the great Faust, vulgarly known as a "jour printer." He was a case—all sorts of a case—a walking edition of the striped pig, or in other words an uncorrected copy of the works of intemperance, seced up, and bound by no tee-total rule of entire abstinence. He looked blurred, or like a bad impression of a worn-out wool-cut of our American eagle or of a runaway negro.

"You were found sleeping out last night," said the Recorder. "Who, and what are you?" addressing the badly set up bill of humanity in the dock.

"I, I'm a poor—a d—n poor specimen of the art preservative of all arts—vulgarly called a "jour printer" or "typo," said the prisoner.

"And need correction," said the affable Recorder. "I thought you were a foul case. Why were you not at your lodgings last night?"

"Because I lost my place—got out of sorts—had no quins [coins] to get locked up any where else; in fact, out of cash, which is the copy of our existence. Ah! sir, I've felt the pressure of the times as well as other folks—have had an impression, and a heavy one, of the difficulty of justifying my actions by the right measure."

"But a correct man of your profession," said the Recorder, "would have been at his case setting up, at the time the watchman found you setting down."

"Yes, but I'm a gone case; and even if I were setting down instead of setting up, I don't see what alteration you should make in the copy of your verdict."

"You were lying down, sir."

"Yes, I had come to a period, that's a fact, and the watchman made a parenthesis of his arms to raise me up, and a note of admiration of my body, head downwards, while bringing me to this new fangled press to have a proof taken," rejoined the "jour."

"The watchman charged you with being tipsy, sir."

"I wet my matter too much last night, that's a fact."

"When the watchman placed you on your feet you did not stand straight—leaned in every direction, and staggered about as though you were working off the first sheet of the new grand lottery on the side-walk."

"I thought sir, that I was on rule and figure work; but Charley soon gave me a rap with something more than a sheep's-foot, which in a measure straightened me, he well nigh distributed the matter of my upper case, sir—threw brain into pie."

I shall have to send you to the calaboose, sir; lock you up for thirty days."

"Thirty days! What! lock up my form for thirty days! Oh! you don't mean that, sir—Consider what you are about. You have no rule for doing it. Why, sir, you might as well send me to lie on the galleys in the swamp at once. Thirty days in the calaboose! That would indeed be laying me on the imposing stone. Let me go this time, Mr. Recorder; I will see and correct errors, avoid all ous, such as the watchman discovered, in future, and present a clean and revised proof-sheet of my conduct hereafter. I'll tell your honor what it is; that watchman who handles the book so often don't always follow copy. Why he swore there against me as if his oath was stereotyped, and as if he knew me like a book."

The Recorder told this modern Fauste that he was fully impressed with the sincerity of his determination to reform, but that unless he got some person other than himself to vouch for it, he must give him a short situation say thirty days in the calaboose.

From the N. O. Picayune.

THE ADVANTAGE OF OFFICE.

The following letter might have been written by a young man in Arkansas to his mother in New Hampshire, and might not—we do not endorse it. It seems that the young Yankee had lately received the appointment of postmaster in that State, and that he presumes a good deal on the strength of it.

WILDCATSVILLE, Rattlesnake Co. Ark.

Dear Marm—You hint the least idea in the world how I'm a gittin along here in this Rack-ansack country. They've lately appointed me post master in this town, and I'm expectin to get the office of justice of the peace afore long. I've had three cases left out to me already. One on 'em was where a fellow had gouged out another chap's left eye, and neither on 'em was sartin shure whether he was at the top or bottom when the thing was done. I knew all about it just as easy, 'cause I was watchin all the time—so I decided the case accordin.

This is a great country! Why, marm, the corn here grows as high as witch hazels or cherry trees, and the cotton and other fruit beate all calculation.

I'm makin my eternal fortin here just as fast as I can. I can do any thing a little smarter than any of 'em 'ceptin playin cards, but I do think they rather go ahead of me at playin lu and poker, 'cause they almost always win my money.

You know them shirts you said you'd made for me and didn't know how to ferrid on; you can send 'em by mail now, as I don't have no postage to pay in consequence of the virtue of my office. If the wa'ermellons are ripe I wish you would send on to or three; also, them tu pair nanken trousers I hadn't room for in my trunk when I started. You'll find a button off on one pair unless you've sow'd it on since I left, and while you are about it you might as well let out that gather in the bottom of 'em—I expect I've grow'd a little since I left hum.—Send 'em all by mail—they wont cost me the first red cent.

I've now been here nearly nine months and my health has been first rate nearly all the time. The only sickness I've had worth a mentioning has been the bilious fever twict, the congestive fever onct, the fever and agor occasionally, and the dumbager all the time.

Marm, I wish you'd give my love to Eunice Homes, and ask her if she recollects that time we went to Heysey Stearnes' quilting! I wish Eunice was out here now. If you see Zack Stearnes tell him he may keep that knife I cum